

haunted (by you)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24321526) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24321526>.

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| Rating: | General Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Video Blogging RPF |
| Relationship: | Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound |
| Character: | Clay Dream , GeorgeNotFound |
| Additional Tags: | Idiots in Love , no beta we die like men , Mutual Pining , Fluff and Humor , Based On Buzzfeed Unsolved , AU , Shane!Dream , Ryan!George |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2020-05-23 Words: 5,188 Chapters: 1/1 |

haunted (by you)

by [Ros3mary](#)

Summary

While exploring a haunted and abandoned prison for their shared ghost hunting channel, Dream and George stumble onto something unexpected, but very welcomed.

OR: During a ghost hunt, Dream won't stop flirting, and George does something about it

Notes

Obligatory Buzzfeed Unsolved AU

the idea wouldn't leave my head, so now it's your guys' problem! yay :)

The floor wept with a weary cry underfoot. A beam of light, held in a trembling hand, did nothing to illuminate the room, wreathed in shadows and cobwebs.

"Hello?" George called, with a shaky voice.

The high walls seemed to tower above him, twirling with rust and once-white concrete, graffiti splashed over the room in various stages of spooky. "Elyse was here" didn't scare him, but he'd be damned if "LEAVE WHILE YOU CAN" didn't give him chills.

"Dream?" George tried, calling out again. His voice bounced strangely around the wide room and made it seemed warped.

Somehow, Clay had snuck away while George had been setting up the camera for the introduction shoot, in which George would explain the history and hauntings of the buildings while Clay yawned and looked unimpressed.

George knew that Clay actually found it all very interesting, but they were careful to play up the dynamic of strong believer/heavy skeptic that their fans adored so much. When they had first started their shared ghost hunting channel together, around two years ago, Clay and George had had matched levels of enthusiasm; but after a particular video hit with their fans in which Clay had been extremely tired and hungover and been snarking critically towards George's strong belief of the supernatural, they decided that the dynamic there was probably the best. You know, for views.

Besides, Clay didn't really have to play up how little he believed in ghosts and demons, and George never had to fake his fear at anything remotely considered supernatural happening to them.

Once, they had gone to a haunted house that was supposed to be a portal to hell, and Clay had played with the flashlight for fifteen minutes straight, asking the ghosts or demons to turn it off and on repeatedly. Many of the viewers blamed editing or strings, but George knew all too well that they hadn't touched that goddamned flashlight *once*. He had been close to fainting at the time and now adamantly refused going to another place called "portal to hell". Clay found it all very amusing.

The mental asylum they were in now was an abandoned, rusted thing said to be *heavily* haunted. George had a thin yellow folder of historic facts on his fold-up chair facing the camera that he was supposed to be reading to both Clay and the audience, waiting for him.

"Dream!" George yelled again, slightly surlier now. The flashlight produced almost no light. He pointed the beam in a dark corner, and it stayed practically the same amount of dark. A shiver crawled up George's spine at the unnaturalness of it. He turned away from the dark corner, the image of eyes watching him from the shadows as he put his back to it making goosebumps trail up his exposed arms.

I really should have brought a sweater, George thought, ducking his head into an arching doorway. *I wonder if I can convince Clay to give me his.*

George opened his mouth to call out for his friend again as he leaned into another doorway. His mouth shuttered shut, and he took a step back at the sight. The room was a small concrete square, probably used for who knows what back in the day. It was absolutely covered in graffiti.

"*DON'T COME IN HERE*", "*LEAVE US ALONE*", "*WE SEE YOU*" were some of the snippets of phrase, suspended on the concrete in dark paint. One part of a wall was covered in "*THEYRE COMING THEYRE COMING THEYRE COMING*" over and over again.

Shuddering, George stepped back, his mouth pulled into a grimace at the room.

He turned around, meaning to go back to the camera, but was met face-to-face with a person. A breathless shriek exploded from him, and he stumbled back wildly.

Met with wild cackling, rather than the ghostly moans he was expecting, George blinked wildly and actually looked at the man.

"Dream!" He yelled, punching Clay in the chest. "What the hell?!"

"I didn't think you'd get that scared!" Clay wheezed, rubbing at his now-sore spot.

"I hate you so much," George muttered, sour. His face was flushed from a veil of embarrassment at

being spooked so easily. "We're literally in a *haunted asylum* and you didn't think I'd get scared?"

Clay rubbed at the back of his neck, his mouth twisted into an attractive, 'sheepish-but-I-still-think-it's-funny' smile. "Not that scared," He said, defending himself.

George just shook his head. Clay peered past him into the graffiti room, eyes sweeping over the words almost approvingly.

"Woah," Clay said, leaning almost over George to pop his entire head through the doorway. George flushed at the closeness and shoved at Clay's chest. "There have been some major quacks in here," Clay said, absolutely nonplussed by George's push.

"You think?" George shot back, almost sarcastic, almost incredulous.

"Oh, no, you're right, ghosts did that. They went out and bought some spray paint, and did that. Not human beings, of course not." Clay said, absolutely sarcastic.

George laughed loudly, suddenly feeling glad that he'd started the camera. This footage could be used as a sort of after-video treat or something. "I didn't say ghosts did it!" He protested.

Clay had already started walking towards the chairs, but he said, "It was in your face! You were thinking it."

"In my face?" George spluttered, rushing to catch up.

"Yeah, you know, I was surprised too. It's almost impossible to even see your face under your blush."

George let out a sort of guffaw. "I- I'm not always blushing!"

Clay only leveled him with a flat look, that George felt his face heat up at. A smirk curled at the edges of Clay's mouth.

Before Clay could get any more smart remarks in, George cleared his throat and picked up his folder, both of them seated now. They were facing the prison's entrance, Clay's car visible from the tall windows, and George had already assured that the wide, rusty, gloomy room was a backdrop to their conversation.

"So right now we're sitting in the Early Grave Asylum, abandoned and shut down in the late 1890s after being exposed for extreme inhumane treatment..."

The first floor of the asylum sucked *so bad*, and it wasn't even said to be the most haunted floors. Dozens of rooms lay crumbling in a terribly confusing pattern, almost as if someone had taken a bunch of model rooms in their hand and threw them out randomly, creating a maze-like, strange layout. George felt lost, and the darkness paired with occasional animal cry from the woods outside had him jumping constantly.

However, the first floor held almost nothing of interest, besides for the strange small square room of cryptic graffiti. They had filmed some of the walls and words, though George had outright refused to step foot in, so really Clay had filmed the walls and words. George had searched his folder for information on the room and dug up nothing, which Clay had seemed nonplussed about and George had felt deeply unsettled about.

“So where are the stairs to the second floor?” Clay asked. He swung his arms as he walked, not looking scared at all. George kind of hated him for it.

“Uh.” George said. The corners of his lips curved a sheepish grin. “I don’t know? I didn’t like… bring a map.”

Clay shot George an incredulous look. “You didn’t look at blueprints or anything? What the heck, George.”

“You could have, too!” George said, shoving Clay’s arm. “Why was it my job?”

“Watch the footage, dude!” Clay said, quickly righting the camera in his hands that had jostled at George’s push.

“I’ll watch your mom,” George muttered back. He paused in their walk to peek into a gaping doorway. He first looked at the metal door, crumpled on the floor as if it had been crushed inwards, and then second saw the wide, dark brown stairs leading up. “Dream!” He said, stepping out. “I found the stairs!”

Clay turned around and came back, and the two approached the foot of the staircase.

The stairs were a deep brown. They glided up to the second floor. They were also extremely rotted and crumbling, peppered with holes like swiss cheese.

“Well.” Clay said. “If it’s the only way up.” He put out his hand and grabbed onto the wooden railing, and a loud snap made both boys jump backwards. Clay looked down at the brittle piece of railing laying in his palm, and George stared at where it had disconnected from the rest of the railing.

“Did you hear that snap?” George said. “That’s what our spines will sound like after we try to climb these stairs and we fall through and *die*.”

Clay laughed loudly, chucking the piece of railing into a far corner of the room. He put a foot experimentally on the first step, leaning some weight onto it.

“Did you not hear what I said?” George demanded, glaring at Clay.

Rather than answer, Clay just handed George the camera and then stepped up onto the first stair. He hopped twice, making George produce an incredulous sound, and then carefully went up another step.

“*Dream*,” George whined. “Let’s just find another staircase and-,”

“No, this one is fine, stop being a baby.” Clay said, starting to climb the stairs in earnest now.

Huffing, George put his foot on the first stair. It stayed rigid, so George sucked in a steadying breath and took another step, then another, then another. When he looked up from his feet, he saw Clay standing at the top of the stairs, sort of half-smirking down at George.

Distracted by Clay, George didn’t see how his next step was rotted and icky. He stepped forward and up, and his foot crumbled and cracked the old wood and fell through.

“George!” Clay yelled, not looking nearly so smug anymore.

George groaned, sounding more put out than in pain, and yanked his foot out from the hole. The

wood splintered and drifted down to the floor below. "Told you so," George said, victoriously, directing a smirk of his own up at Clay.

Except, Clay looked way more worried than George had expected him to be; his pretty blond eyebrows slanted in concern, and his eyes big as he stared at George.

Laughing, a little nervously, George took another step, being careful this time. "What are you so worried about? I didn't fall through."

"You could have." Clay shot back. George glanced up at him, and saw he was leaning forward, a hand outstretching towards George. He didn't really feel like he needed it, but he'd also be insane to turn down holding Clay's hand, and he figured Clay looked worried enough that it might help him. Or something.

George reached up and grabbed Clay's hand, and walked up the rest of the steps, groaning and screaming as they were, without difficulty. "Well, it was your idea to use those stairs anyways," George said smartly, wrinkling his nose and giving Clay a half-cocked smile.

Clay's mouth bunched to the side in a reluctant smile.

George looked down at their hands, and Clay did, too. Jumping as if he was startled, Clay hastily let go and spun on his heel, marching down the hall. "Let's go! I wanna see the second floor. It better not be as boring as the first!"

A tiny little pursed smile appeared on George's face. Man, it had felt nice to hold Clay's hand, even for a second.

Shaking himself, George pushed forward with long strides, looking around the hallway with curiosity. There wasn't nearly as much graffiti and art up here as there had been on the first floor. His flashlight beam still had difficulty cutting through the thick gloom, even more so now that the moonlight didn't slant through wide, broken windows. George stopped in the entrance of a dark room, sweeping the flashlight through it. In the corner sat a solitary rocking chair, and nothing else save for spray paint and cobwebs decorated the room.

George glanced down the hallway at Clay, and saw him walking into another room way down. Deciding that Clay could take care of himself, for now at least, George wandered into the rocking chair room.

He crossed the floor with long strides and then pointed his flashlight beam and the camera at the chair. "Weird," He decided. "Weird and creepy."

George turned and started to pan the camera through the room, highlighting a huge clump of cobwebs and the dark doorway.

"I don't like this place at all," He said to the camera, and by extension, the future audience. "This is the last video we're making, I'm not doing this anymore." He added. Obviously he didn't mean it, and he said it a *lot* in their videos.

A sudden creak made him jump and whip around, the camera and his eyes catching the chair rocking back and forth, back and forth, with a lazy slowness and a steady, unsettling creak. George looked around the room, and saw no windows.

"What," He whispered, "the hell."

Rather than slow, the chair just started rocking faster. George felt his arm hair start to stand up, and

the back of his head tingle with cold fear.

Way down the hall, in another room, Clay yelled, "Oh God!"

George squeaked and turned tail, sprinting away from the chair without hesitation. "Dream?" He yelled, running down the hallway.

"I'm gonna die!" Clay shouted back. George stuttered to a halt outside of the room where he'd seen Clay go into, and looked in to see Clay staring, betrayed, at a piece of concrete.

"What-?" George started.

Another clump of ceiling rained down and hit Clay square in the head, and he jumped back with a wounded noise.

Exhaling hard, George leaned against the doorway. "This is what you were screaming about?" He asked, gesturing to the concrete chunks like the way a mother would scold a child.

"Yeah, it hurt," Clay whined, rubbing at his head.

George managed a small laugh. He looked down the hallway, from where he'd come, staring at the doorway of the rocking chair room as if waiting for something to exit it. "I don't want to do this anymore."

Brushing past him, Clay asked, "Explore the prison, or ghost hunt in general?"

"Yes."

Chuckling, Clay led the way down the hall once more. His footsteps seemed to rise up from the floor and bounce down the hallway, causing George to keep glancing over his shoulders, sure that someone was following them.

The hallway slid open into a large, lengthy room. The wall to their right was lined with big windows, presumably that would face the front, where Clay's car was parked and where people entered, but it was so dark and the windows so grey with fog that it was impossible to tell.

"This was probably a cafeteria," George said, panning the camera over the huge room. Sure enough, concrete bench tables were smashed and piled on the far wall. George lingered on those for a moment, then showed the camera the windows. "I think there's fog outside."

"Oh, do you?" Clay snarked.

George ran up to walk at his side, pushing him with his shoulder a little. "Don't sass me." They walked in silence for a couple moments, George staring at his reflection in the grey, mist-kissed window, and Clay seemingly lost in thought.

"You know, there's a legend that if you're single past your twenties, there's a ghost following you that wants to date you," Clay said casually, shrugging. The silence broke under the weight of his words like thin silk.

"Oh yeah?" George retaliated. His skin prickled at the thought of a dead thing following him, for whatever reason. "Legend from where?"

Clay laughed, the familiar sound bouncing around the rusty walls. "I don't know, man, I saw it on Tumblr or something." The blonde stopped walking at a fogged-over window, peering impishly at

George in the warped reflection. “Do I look ghostlike in here or what?”

A furrow appeared between George’s brows. “Dream, what-,” Clay’s broad smile glinted at him in the mirror, and a sickly sweet feeling of realization hit him. “Are you- are you saying you want to date me?” George asked, incredulously. His fair skin started to flush a deep red.

In lieu of an actual answer, Clay laughed- almost nervously, if George wasn’t projecting -and shrugged. He turned away from the window, and George just barely caught the red tinting his cheeks. “Let’s keep going, yeah? We’re already more than halfway done.”

As Clay walked forward, pushing ahead with powerful strides of his long legs, George felt his face go hotter. A glimpse in the window showed him how red pooled high in his cheeks, and that his brown eyes were wide and doe-like. Shaking himself, George rushed after Clay, not wanting to be left behind.

“Do you have any other weird facts about this place?” Clay prompted, conversationally, as George caught up to him.

“Uh, yeah,” George said, fumbling. His chest and stomach felt sticky with nerves, like syrup had coated his ribs, and butterflies flitting around down there got caught. “Uhm, we’re getting near the third floor, I think. That’s where most of the hauntings are supposed to be. The rooms up there were mostly offices, hospices, and isolation...”

As he continued talking, spouting facts and then supposed sightings, George felt his nerves begin to settle. Slipping into his work persona was easy, and he figured the rest of the night would go as planned, as long as Clay didn’t start being... weird again.

He started to get expressive with his words, sweeping hand movements and such. So enraptured was he in the history of the old prison, George completely missed the incredibly fond look that Clay was shooting him.

“So, third floor is going to be where we see a ghost?” Clay said, amused, interrupting George’s recollection of a psychic who’d felt many presences in one of the bloodiest hospices on the floor above them.

“Yes,” George replied seriously. Clay laughed, shaking his head, and George wrinkled his nose at him. “There, or in the chute where nurses and employees would slide dead bodies down.”

Clay practically snapped to attention. “There’s a dead body slide and you haven’t told me before this?”

George couldn’t help but laugh. “Well, it’s really really old, you know. There’s probably cracks and rubble all over it... you can’t slide.”

“I can’t slide?” Clay parroted with a pout. His voice was echoey, suddenly, as they ventured through an arching, broken doorway and into a tall, dark spiral staircase up.

The room was narrow and towering, and wreathed in shadows all the way up. The two couldn’t even see the ceiling when they looked up for it.

“I hate this.” George said grimly, tilting the camera up to get a pan of the stairs, twirling and spiraling as they were into darkness.

George looked down, leaning a little over a rusty railing, and saw that the staircase went both ways. The first floor, too, was a portrait of absolute darkness.

"It goes down, Dream," George said. "We could've come up this way, instead of that yucky staircase-," A sudden, piercing, breathless shriek left George in a ringing tone as he was jerked forward, pushed from behind. "*Dre-am!*" He screeched, blindly throwing a hand out and latching onto Clay's hoodie sleeve. "Don't fu- don't do that!"

Clay's laughter, as soothing and familiar as it was, was wild as it bounced up and down the stair shaft. It crawled back to them with a layer of echoing strangeness, making George shiver.

"You're such an idiot," George told him, glaring. His hand was still clutching Clay's arm, and his other hand was shaking slightly from the adrenaline spike, no doubt making the footage tremble.

"Sorry," Clay wheezed, not seeming very sorry at all. "It's okay, I'll always be here to catch you."

"Catch me?" George cried, incredulously. "You're the one who pushed me!"

Clay just started shaking with laughter again, not even trying to deny it. His eyes crinkled kindly in the corners with the force of his smile, and he looked so soft, staring fondly down at George, that George felt goosebumps trickle up and down his arms.

"C'mon," He grumbled, weaving past Clay, careful to not let their bodies brush. "I wanna go to sleep already."

"That eager to dream about me, George? It's okay, the feeling's reciprocated," Clay teased mirthfully. George felt his cheeks go hot, and he didn't answer, save for how he stuck his tongue out at Clay over his shoulder. Clay's response to that was another wheezing bout of laughter.

The stairs and railings were rusted, once-silver metal that was cool under George's fingertips, and that wept under his feet. The creaks and moans of the staircase was starting to make him feel incredibly tense, shoulders rising up to his ears.

"I don't think these stairs are gonna fall," Clay said, all faux-casual, from behind.

George laughed nervously and just sped up his pace. "Whatdoyoumean? I'm not scared of stairs, Dream."

"I know. I am." Clay responded easily. George couldn't help but snort, seeing through that lie a mile away. He also couldn't help the headrush of affection that he felt from Clay trying to comfort him, in his own dumb ways.

Clay's flashlight beam carved a sweeping line of light as he flicked it up the middle of the spiral staircase. The ceiling, despite being focused upon by the light beam, stayed stubbornly dripping with shadows and darkness.

"You think there's ghosts up there watching us come up?" Clay said.

"Dream!" George shot back, actually stopping and turning to push Clay a little. "Stop trying to scare me!"

Chuckling, Clay put his hands up, as if in surrender. "Okay, okay!"

Puffing his cheeks out, George turned back to the stairs, climbing them with just a pinch more dread now. He stopped again, right near the top of the stairs, and stepped to the side. "You go first," He muttered, not meeting Clay's eyes.

Clay huffed out a laugh and shook his head fondly as he passed, striding up the last few steps and

and into the dark doorway to the third floor without hesitation.

George jumped a little, seeing his only friend here vanish into darkness so fluidly. "Dream!" He cried, scrambling after the man. He couldn't see which direction Clay had gone, and the broad sweeps of his flashlight barely combated the gloom. "I said go first, not *abandon* me!"

The hallway that the doorway opened into seemed to stretch endlessly, full of shadows, framed by walls peppered with gaping open doorways.

"Dream, don't leave me," George said loudly, shining his flashlight over the hallway of concrete and darkness.

A flicker of light snapped at George's attention from one of the dark doorways. He ventured towards it cautiously, sweeping his flashlight around with paranoia as he walked. The doorway was framed with dark, rotting wood, and the beam that comprised of the top of the doorway was half broken and dangling down into the open space. George looked at it critically before he gently pushed it aside and stepped in. A sudden flash of light and movement made George jump a little, but it was just Clay, standing within the gloom with his flashlight pointed up at his chin so his face drew long with shade.

"You're so stupid!" George told him adamantly, pointing his own light right in Clay's eyes. The other man winced and threw a hand up.

"Sorry," He said, cracking a smirk like a stupid frat boy. "Can you don't point that in my eyes, maybe?"

George rolled his eyes and directed the beam at Clay's feet. "'Can you don't'," He mimicked in a smarmy voice. He took a second to look around the room, finding that the walls were dark, and swarmed with graffiti and cobwebs. A window on the far wall was broken, moonlight slanting in just enough to illuminate the twinkling glass shards that littered the floor around the window, but nothing else. "You're really not scared of ghosts?"

"Ghosts?" Clay parroted, also looking around the room. "No. Homeless or insane people? Maybe. Ghosts aren't real."

"They are too!"

Clay wasn't listening. He had crouched down by the window, looking at the glass bits with an appraising look in his eyes. "Hey, can I borrow the camera?"

George made an indignant sound high in his throat. "For why?"

"To take a picture," Clay said, pointing at the glass. "This is kinda aesthetic, dude, I wanna put it on my Instagram."

"We can't stop recording," George scolded him. "Use your phone."

Clay groaned, long and put-out, put pulled his phone out obediently. George sighed long-sufferingly and wandered towards one of the graffiti-ed walls, uninterested in the photo-taking process.

George traced his fingertips lightly over a bleeding rendition of "GET OUT", the black paint dripping down the contour of the wall, yet long-dry.

A sudden, booming crash of wood against concrete made both of them make loud, squeaky sounds

of surprise. George whipped his head around to see that the broken piece of door frame had crashed to the floor. He forced his breath out in a rush, and twisted his head to glare at Clay.

The blond threw his hands up in defense. "What are you looking at me for?" He yelled.

"I just know you had something to do with it," George muttered stubbornly, knowing that Clay definitely didn't have anything to do with it. "You're up to something, and I don't like it." He added, jabbing a finger in Clay's direction.

Clay wheezed, scrambling to his feet to catch up to George, who was already power walking out of the room.

The third floor was supposed to be the most haunted of the entire place, but George didn't see anything that rivaled the weird rocking chair room that he'd seen on the second floor. The two exchanged hearty banter and playful shoves as they kept exploring, but it was mostly just poking their heads into rooms that used to be sick beds and surgery rooms and cracking fun at some of the colorfully worded graffiti.

By the time they wandered their way back to the asylum's foyer, ready to roll out their sleeping bags and sleep, George felt exhausted.

"Are you excited to sleep in a haunted mental asylum?" Clay poked, clearly trying to rile George up, as George set the camera up for the night take.

"Not really," George muttered. "But it also doesn't seem very haunted. We didn't see much."

"*Much* implies that we saw *anything*," Clay said.

I cannot wait to show you the footage of that chair, George thought. He said, "Yeah, whatever."

The two climbed into their respective sleeping bags. George stretched out, uncomfortable on the hard floor.

"G'night," George muttered with a yawn.

Clay might have said something in return, but George was already falling asleep.

A particularly loud burst of a snore made George jerk awake, rousing from his restful sleep with all the grace of a wild hog. He sat up quickly, back aching, and started to pat down his hair. George cast his eyes down on the sleeping form of Clay beside him, and found the other man had curled towards George in his sleep, his arms reaching out towards George's sleeping bag. His blonde hair was tousled with sleep, and gently haloed by morning light. He looked peaceful.

A blush crowned George's cheeks, and he grumbled to himself. "Stupid," and "not like that," were two of the snippets that could be understood within the brambles of mumbles.

Sighing, ever so softly, George tore his brown gaze away from his friend, and glanced almost suspiciously around the wide room.

Dawn light trickled in through the windows, painting the concrete in rose gold. Broken glass sparkled up from the floor, glittering like a wave of soft seafoam. Even the graffiti seemed interesting and appealing, a stark, dark contrast against the white-cream walls. George's breath caught in his throat, and his gaze turned appreciative. It was actually very pretty in daylight,

strangely.

George's eyes traitorously wandered back to Clay. The man had shuffled a little, his arm stretching out just a smidge more, his fingertips brushing George's. George stared at their hands for a little bit, then stood, walked over to the tripod, and quietly killed the capture.

He stretched out in his sleeping bag again, dark hair splayed across the white pillow as he turned to look at Clay.

"Dream," He whispered, reaching out to gently shake Clay's shoulder. He hesitated, then hissed softly, "Clay. Wake up."

Clay grumbled, slitting a single eye open to stare at George. He mumbled something that might have almost resembled the word "what".

George chewed at his lip. His face dusted with a blush, and his stomach rolled with butterflies, but his curiosity and nerves were completely unsatiated. He had to know. "Did you- did you mean all that stuff you said yesterday? About, uhm, about like... me." He whispered, soft as if he were in a middle school sleepover.

Pale strokes of sunlight painted half of Clay's face with gold. The other half smushed deeper into the pillow, in a boyishly embarrassed way. "I don't know what you're talking about," He said back, equally as hushed.

George groaned softly, rolling his head to stare at the ceiling, dusty with cobwebs and rust. He said, voice soft with sleep, "I just- listen, I just need you to stop.. giving me the wrong idea. I don't want to, you know, g-get like... unnecessary hope. And stuff."

"Hope?" Clay whispered.

George gnawed at his lip and nodded. His pillow sang with the movement, whispering in tune with them.

Clay rolled suddenly, laying directly on top of George, which prompted a loud, near breathless 'oof'. Clay buried his face in George's neck. His soft blonde hair tickled George's face, and George could feel the heat from Clay's blush warming his neck.

"I meant it." Clay said, muffled into George's skin. "Like, a lot."

A sort of huff escaped George, the air stirring Clay's hair in a ripple. "Good," George muttered, red as a tomato as he put his arms around Clay. "Also," A yawn split the word in two, George's eyes shutting instinctively at it. "You snore. Like, a lot."

Clay grumbled nonsensically into George's neck. George didn't even bother to open his eyes back up, already feeling how the strings of sleep were begging to sew his body to a still again.

A tiny little smile graced George's face, and although he was almost sure that they'd have to have an actual conversation when they woke up later, right now he felt sleepy and soft with the morning sunlight curling lovingly around them, and Clay's warmth blanketing him comfortingly. Besides, they could take care of everything later. They were big boys. Right now, George was tired, and he wanted to sleep with his arms around his maybe hopefully new boyfriend.

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